

INXS, Night Of Rebellion

Simple matters always seem
To make things complicated
I think of ways to understand
But it all get's away from me

I sense persuasion of a kind
It wraps itself around me
The changing message of your love
Rarely ever reaches me

Not talking only want action
Once you give in you are through
This is the night of rebellion

There used to be paint on the walls
But you're too young for money
They'd rather paint the whole town red
Than spend it on what they're told

Summer to winter is never the same
If it is then it's time to change
I don't want to rock your sacred boat
But there's holes in your sacred sails